

Times of Change in New York Society

By Frederick Townsend Martin

THE people who belong to society—I call it that for want of a better name—must have something more than money; they must have personal magnetism, tact, common sense. They must have been successful in some way.

I will hold it against everybody that money today counts for less in New York than in any other great city of the world.

There are plenty of people who are not rich among those who make up what is called society. They never lack for invitations. But they have tact, self-control, personal magnetism. They do things. They are not afraid. They have opinions of their own. Monkey dinners or moonlight bathing parties do not interest them.

New York is too colossal today to be ruled by mere money. Society has been set-aside long enough.

Twenty years ago the late Ward McAllister ruled New York society. The ballroom was his life. The books and articles he wrote indicate that he never thought of anything outside of dinner, dance or cotillon. The life of the outside world did not concern him in the least.

The day of bizarre entertainments has passed. Why should we object to an actor in society? We are glad to meet a novelist or a gallant soldier, a man who has invented something that will benefit the human race. They are far more interesting people than those whose only claim to distinction is a vast inherited wealth.

What the Sun Does to Us

By Dr. Austin O'Malley

E

EVERYTHING proves that the white man degenerates in the tropics and sub-tropics. Now, the cause is to be found in the ultra-spectral rays of sunlight. These rays injure or destroy the animal cells—the body cells—unless these are especially protected.

These ultra-spectral rays of the sunlight are the same as X-rays, Becquerel's rays, Charpentier and Blondet's rays, or the rays from radium, actinium and polonium. All these latter rays will burn a man's body very severely if he is not protected against them by leather or lead. The first man to apply X-rays to surgery in England was burned so badly that he has already lost one arm—will probably lose the other and has suffered intense pain for five years.

Of course, the effect of the sun-rays is not so sudden or violent, for there is less power in them when they reach the human body than there is in these other rays. But they are like the mills of the gods—working slowly, but with certainty.

Man's natural protection against the ultra-spectral sun rays is the skin pigment. The man whose natural habitat is tropical has the proper amount of pigment to prevent the sun rays from injuring him. But the man of the north has not enough to permit him to withstand the sun in the tropics and the subtropics, so the rays enter through his skin, injure the nervous cells and produce degeneration.

The Argument Against Federal Regulation

By Ex-Attorney-General Harmon

T

WO excuses are advanced for Federal intrusion into State affairs. One is that the States do too little and the other is that some of them do too much in the way of railroad and corporate regulation and other corrective measures. There are not contradictory, as they might at first appear, because there may be both too little and too much public interference with the conduct of business, and both are harmful, though my inherited and required ideas both lead me to fear the too much more than I fear the too little.

It is often harder to draw the line between useful regulation and harmful meddling, and harder still to have that line respected when politics unfortunately becomes involved with questions relating to business, and public feeling is aroused. A great many things are none the less home affairs because they may be or become remotely related to commerce among the states, the regulation of which is granted exclusively to Congress. If the Federal authority should be extended over all these the states would soon become mere regions. The pretext for such extension of power is that railroads, telegraphs, etc., have brought about the commercial unity of the states. But that is no reason at all, because such commercial unity was the very object in view in framing the clause which gives to Congress the exclusive power to regulate commerce among the states; and as the clause accomplishes the purpose intended, why should anybody seek to twist it out of shape by forced construction?

Notes From Kansas.

When you see a boy with curls and a snash it is a very good sign that the father doesn't have his way in the house.

So many people go out to the cemeteries to steal flowers that a sign should be put up to this effect: "No admission except on business."

The women can dress cooler in summer than the men, but they can't pump up a bucket of cold water from the cistern, douse their heads in it, and look better for it.

In getting acquainted with a married woman you will find she is pretty apt to say, early in the acquaintance, "I did not know a thing when I was married." What does she mean?

If a girl lives in the south end of town, and has a violin, she manages to take lessons from a teacher in the extreme north part. It gives her so much greater distance to carry her fiddle through the street.—Atchison Globe.

A Sign.

"I didn't know your mother was dangerously ill," said the observant neighbor.

"Why, she isn't," replied the dainty daughter. "What made you think that?"

"I saw you washing the dishes this morning."

And is it any wonder that they never speak as they pass by?—Detroit Free Press.

The Roomy Attic.

Radiantly lovely, she had come to see the poor young poet in his attic room. "The view is divine," she said, "but aren't you cramped for space?"

"Oh, no," said he. "I get on nicely now. But to tell you the truth, I was dazedly crowded till they took off the wall paper."—Judy.

General Booth's dream is a fleet of Salvation Army steamers carrying the army's emigrants across the Atlantic.

BAKED APPLES, SOUTHERN STYLE.

Heater thought Olympus fine
With its airy dew of wine!
Bacchus in the forest drew
Thousands of the foamy brew.
Malt of blossoms, tang of root,
With his pimpled face—the brute!

Sylvan faeries, dainty pled,
Golden locked and azure eyed,
Take the lily's cups of gold,
With the crystal draughts they hold,
Drinking till the sparkling stream
Fills them with the dance of dream!

Where the summer pippins fall,
In the orchard's grass-grown thrall,
Here Olympus lifts for gold,
Pluck the fruit and shake the tree;
Put it in a pan and bake
Just for love of old-time's sake!

Leave the skin, but clean the core,
Then around the fruit-globe pour
Melted sugar, cinnamon,
Pluck of butter—when it's done
Serve with cream, and let your lips
Smack with joy as down it slips!

Bake until the golden wine
Of the apple bubbles fine,
Round the pan, in corners sweet
Crystallizing with the heat,
While the butter and the spice
Melt into it in a trice!

Joze and Juno, on your throne,
Drink the wine and pick the bone!
Sing of honey and of dew,
Where ambrosial founts run blue;
Draw the ale and strain the lees—
Apples are Hesperides!

Brown and golden, baked and dene,
Spiced and sugared—fruit of sun,
Juice of morning dew and sweat,
Amber of the midday heat,
Creamed and buttered, flaked and white—
Dreams of joy in every bite!

Glimpses of orchards, with their smiles,
Laughing bouquets of meadow miles,
Rivers rippling, brooks that sing,
April on her bloomy wing,
Dancing to the harp of play,
In the lilac arms of May!

Not baked apples, not alone,
Fruit and juice and flavored zone—
But the ampler air and gleam
Of the past that brings its dream,
Sweet with youth, and bright all over
With the breath of dew and clover!

—Baltimore Sun.

Bruin and the City Maid

By HELEN HUNT.

The green mountains, clad in the full verdure of the summer, cast their cool shadows deep on the vivid emerald of meadow and hill. Langdon crossroad stretched its gray brown length between the shifting shadows on either forest covered bank.

Along the brush fence grew luxuriant wild blackberry bushes, heavy laden now with juicy clusters of ripe, delicious fruit, for it was the month of August.

Away at the end of the dusty road stood the Langdon farm house in the midst of broad, green acres, now lying shorn of their summer crop of growing grass and flowers, scorching brown in the sun.

In was toward four o'clock of a sultry day. The family of Langdon were gathered on the broad veranda on the side of the house least exposed to the breeze. The men had forsaken the fields to seek relief from the oppressive atmosphere. Nellie, a sixteen-year-old city cousin, sat on the steps in cool array of dainty muslin and ribbons and lace. Elisha, called Light, since his baby lips first lisped the word in trying to pronounce his own name, tall, stalwart, twenty-six years old, and head over heels in love with the bunch of femininity on the steps, reposed in an arm chair, his throat swathed in a handkerchief, and his breathing heavy from a recent cold.

Willie, seventeen, and incorrigible, swung in a hammock. Mrs. Langdon, their mother, knitted placidly, close by.

"Cousin Nellie," said Light, "I saw some elegant blackberries over on the crossroad yesterday."

Nellie sprang up, clapping her hands joyously.

"I'm going to pick some for tea," she cried.

Willie lazily turned in his swinging nest and drawled:

"Jim Butler said he saw bear tracks in the woods over there."

"Hush!" said his mother, "you know there was no such thing there."

"Jim said so anyway," repeated Willie, with a roguish wink at his brother.

"Is there any danger, Light?" questioned Nellie, somewhat startled.

"Not a bit," answered Mrs. Langdon for him, "but you must not go blackberrying in that dress. Put on stout shoes and a thick dress. Willie, you had better go with her."

"Can't. Too hot. Besides I'm afraid of bears," drawled that enterprising youth.

"I don't want you," flashed Nellie. "I'd much rather go alone," and with a look of disdain in the direction of the hammock she walked indoors.

Pinning up her skirts and donning a sunbonnet she took a bright new tin pail from the shelf in the kitchen and walked briskly to the crossroad, where she was soon busily engaged in transferring the big black beauties from bush to pail unheeding of heat or scratches.

Quickly raising her head she saw that the wood was in shadow rapidly deepening. Could it be night, she wondered, with a thrill of fear. Suddenly there fell upon her ear a distant roar, and, shortly after a crackling in the underbrush and a dark figure coming toward her through the gloom.

"Willie's bear!" Frantic with fear, she dropped her pail and turned to

see, unheeding that she was going away from the house instead of toward it.

And following after came the dark figure, now running in evident endeavor to overtake her. On she went, stumbling over sticks and stones, her heart pounding as if to set itself free, her breath coming shorter and shorter, her sight growing dim. Once she seemed to hear a voice in the distance calling to her, but she dared not stop nor look behind her. On, on, lest that terrible something seize her from behind. At last she stepped into a hole left by an uprooted tree and fell forward in a swoon.

At the house, Nellie's excursion after berries was forgotten for an hour, then as dark thunder clouds began to roll up around the horizon. Light started up.

"Did Nellie go?" he queried. "If she did she is sure to get wet. Give me her rubbers and a wrap and I will go and fetch her."

His mother eagerly sought the articles requested, and laden with these, Light started forth followed by Willie's jeers.

"As, come back, Light. Rain won't hurt her, she isn't sugar if you do think she's sweet. She won't melt."

Light made him no reply but went on his way; the only result of his brother's bantering being that his cheeks were very red.

It had darkened perceptibly when he came in sight of the little figure he was in search of and the thunder rumbled menacingly. Suddenly a twig snapped beneath his feet and he saw Nellie turn a white face one moment toward him and then flee headlong in the opposite direction, stumbling over sticks and stones in frantic terror.

Light endeavored to shout her name, but his hoarse voice only augmented her speed.

In a flash the truth burst upon him, and, breathing anathemas on his fun loving brother and his own obstructed vocal organs, he started in pursuit.

When Nellie opened her eyes it was to look up into the face of her cousin. That face had been very near her face within the last few moments, and was as white and scared as her own.

As memory returned she clung to him in a panic. "The bear, where is it?" she questioned.

"There is no bear," Light answered. "It was I coming to help you home, and I, with Willie's help, have nearly killed you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive me for being so silly, but—Oh, Light, I'm frightened yet," cried Nellie, nestling against the broad shoulders so near her. What more was said you and I will not stay to listen to, for to other ears than those turned to hear it the words might have but little sense; but when the rain began to fall two apparently perfectly happy human beings walked together toward the farmhouse, oblivious of rain or night but each other.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

When they arrived home, Mrs. Langdon fell upon them in fear lest both had taken a death cold, and you so honest now that you can hardly speak," she said to Light.

Willie surveyed the couple for a minute and then laughed long and loud at the success of his joke and the bedrenched figures before him.

"Don't worry about them a minute, mother. They won't take cold. They don't even know it's been raining. Sure cure of mind cure of heart cure. We'll dance at a wedding by New Year."

And they did, but somewhere on the journey of life there is a trap set for Willie, and Light and Nellie will greatly rejoice when he puts his foot therein.—American Cultivator.

Forest County Rattlers.

George Burben, who is building a new house for himself on a part of his father's farm on German Hill, went to refill a water jug the other day that had been left in the shade, when he luckily espied a huge rattler 42 inches long and carrying 13 rattles, coiled ready for flight about the jug. George lost no time in killing the reptile and has preserved the skin and rattles to verify this statement. Two young sons of George Copeland went snake hunting at a den near their father's home on Little Hickory Creek one day last week and killed an even dozen of rattlers before they gave up the battle. Henry Aumburger of Hunters station has been missing eggs from the nest in his chicken coop, even a china egg disappearing. He suspected rats or other small animals, but the other day when he found a dead black-snake eight feet long nearby with a china egg lodged in its stomach the great mystery was solved.—Tionesta Vindicator.

Evidences of Wealth.

"Father seems impressed with your talk about coupons," said the maiden. "Have you really any?"

"Sure," answered the glib youth. "Got \$50 saved up toward a piano for our little flat."—Washington Herald.

The largest percentage of organized workers is found in Denmark. Half of the population is unionized. Sweden is a close second, with Germany next.

FATHER'S RECIPE.

We hear a lot of mother's cakes
And sister's lemon pie;
Of gingerbread that gran'ma makes,
And auntie's doughnuts—my!
But father's got a recipe
He says beats all the rest;
And when it's mixed O. K., he says
It suits his palate best.

Some he-ahed-till-nine-o'clock,
Some breakfast-up-to-ten;
A shirt-sleeve-stroll-around-the-block,
A shave, a pipe, and then
A pile of Colored Supplements,
With frequent doings off—
These are the chief ingredients
Of father's Sunday loaf.

—Lippincott

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

"How many horsepower is your machine?" "It's too heavy for one horse so I generally use two."—Judge.

Passenger—Do you seamen see the sea serpent? Captain—Only when we're ashore and off duty, sir. Judge.

"Are you hurt, John?" "Yes, dear I am afraid three or four of my ribs are broken." "Well, don't feel bad it doesn't show."—Houston Post.

Mrs. Gossip—That Mrs. Postcard who gives herself such airs, was again seen. Mrs. Comeup—I thought she was a Smith.—Baltimore American.

"That female campaigner is holding the women of the district spellbound. With her oratory?" "No; with her gowns."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Boss—What's that? Office Boy—I say, you better send out and get a half-dozen boys to do my work today; I'm goin' to be sick about three o'clock!—Harper's Bazar.

"You refuse to cash my check for \$10?" "Yes." "And yet you don't lend me \$10?" "I do." "I don't understand you." "Well, isn't \$90 worth having?"—Cleveland Leader.

Nell—I don't suppose Mr. Stillman has any vices.

Belle—Vices? Why, he belongs to the glee club, an amateur theatrical society, and writes poetry.—Philadelphia Record.

"I see they have taken the same a. m. train off this line. Do you mean it?" asked one suburbanite of another. "I miss it, certainly, but not so often as I used to when it was on."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"For mercy's sake, Johnny!" exclaimed Mrs. Lapaling. "Take the match out of baby's mouth! Don't you know that matchheads are poisonous? They contain ever so much Borax!"—Chicago Tribune.

"If that that trolley company was to blame for the accident, why don't Si's widdie sue for damages?" "Well, ye see, Si was so well known that the jury would likely decide that he was indebted to the company."—Judge.

"Has that girl next door to you got her parlor melodeon?" "No, she exchanged it for a cornet. I'm glad to say." "But, gracious, if she plays the cornet, that's worse, isn't it?" "No, at all. It's only half as bad. She can sing while she's playing the cornet."—Philadelphia Press.

"Some grocers," remarked the customer, "have an off-hand way of weighing sugar, but I notice you're not one of them." "Off-hand way? How do you mean?" asked the grocer. "I noticed you kept your hand on the scale just now while you measured out the pounds for me."—Philadelphia Press.

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man cannot answer," remarked Popleigh. "What's the trouble now?" queried his friend Singleton. "This morning replied Popleigh, "my little boy asked me why men were sent to Congress and I couldn't tell him."—Chicago Daily News.

"They tell me you're working hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushing your husband about, Mrs. Robinson." "Yes, the magistrate said if I came before him again, he'd fine me forty shillings." "And so you're working hard to keep out of mischief?" "What I'm working hard to save up the fine."—Punch.

Memorable Impressions.

The French sailors in town didn't understand English, and the English didn't understand French. But there were times of tense emotion when the nationalities broke out into the universal language, Esperanto, of signs and then they all understood.

On the terrace the other day stood a group of French tars from the Gariberto in company with one or two English Jacks from the Albemarle. All were looking glum.

Suddenly one of the Britishers lifted his hand to his mouth as though sipping a glass, threw back his head, and gurgled suggestively.

Then he brought it down, shook his head sadly to intimate that there was none to be had, and said expressively: "Bloomin' town! Rotten dry!"

And the Frenchmen nodded in sympathy.—Montreal Star.

At the present rate of excavation Pompeii will not be entirely uncovered before the year 1970.